

Mister Comb-My-Hair

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Summary: It's Career Day at Rennes Elementary, and Courfeyrac's doctor scheduled for tomorrow just abandoned him. Should he ask his best friend, Combeferre, who he might just love, or should he go without and disappoint the class? Featuring a dare from Grantaire, innocent children, and a deep-sea documentary, among a kiss or two.

Mister Comb-My-Hair

Courfeyrac was running late to being early. That is to say, he was on time.

But as everyone knows, to be on time is to be late.

He walked into Rennes Elementary just as the kids started to arrive, and held the door open as they passed by. One of his students, Francis, waved as they walked by. Courfeyrac bowed a little and said, "monsieur" making Francis and his friends giggle. After they had made it inside, Courf grabbed his bag and walked quickly down the hallway and unlocked his classroom. He turned on the lights and grinned at the sight of the room, with its colorful posters and cute drawings and the big message on the board that said "Semaine de Carrières!"

As the kids began filing into the classroom, Courfeyrac saw a familiar face appear in the doorway. He walked over to Grantaire. "Hey."

Grantaire looked at him nervously. "Hey."

"Thanks for coming." Courf smiled at Grantaire. He hoped it looked reassuring, because from R's expression, he was probably grimacing. He should really try to fix that.

"You do realize that I'm horrible with children, right?"

Courfeyrac rolled his eyes. "Just as much as I realize that you're the most dramatic person I know. You're fine with Gavroche."

>Grantaire's eyes widened. "That's because he's a teenager!" He said, whisper-shouting now. "He doesn't give a shit about anything!"
"Hey. Language," Courf said mockingly. "Anyways, I owe you. I'll bring you some wine or something the next time I see you, okay?"

>"Sounds great," Grantaire said. "And I have the stuff you told me to bring."
"Awesome," said Courf, letting out a sigh of relief. "So we have a little bit to cover before we start the presentation. I'll call you up when it's time. You know, you're lucky all you have to cover is art. Joly's coming in tomorrow and he gets to teach children about the differences in their bodies for the first time."

Grantaire winces. "Ouch. No, but that's cool. And Courf!" Courfeyrac turned around. "You're damn right you owe me."

Courf practically hisses, "_Language!_" before he turns to the first graders in front of him and begin, "Hey, guys! How were your weekends!" He gets an overwhelming "Good!" from the kids in front of him.

"Awesome! So today, we're going to review how to add double-digit numbersâ€|"

About half an hour later, Courfeyrac had finished reviewing everything they needed to.

>"Now, guys, I have a very special guest for you. On the first day of our Career Week, we have Mr. Grantaire, who's an artist. He lives in Paris, and he's going to talk to you today on what you do if you're a professional artist, and what you have to do to get there. Mr. Grantaire, take it away!"<p>

Courfeyrac had seen Grantaire in a prison cell. He had seen Grantaire in fights. Hell, he had seen Grantaire with drunk Enjolras, and Enjolras gets grabby halfway through his second pint. But he had never seen Grantaire as scared as he was now, talking about art in front of twenty-three first-graders. He was trying not to laugh when he got the phone call.

Thinking back, it was probably karma.

Courfeyrac picked up his phone, still chuckling, and looked at the name on the display. _Joly_. He swiped across the screen as he got up, and put the phone to his ear as he walked out. As the door closed, he caught a glimpse of Grantaire's desperate eyes. But that was all he got before he caught the panic that his friend had.

"Hey, Courf, you there?" Joly shouted. Courfeyrac could hear the sound of sirens and a woman yelling in the background.

"Yup, why?" He responded, slightly shaken.

"Yeah. I'm not going to make it in tomorrow. There was this huge minivan that crashed and-" Courfeyrac heard a faint _Joly! Get your ass over here!_ from the speaker. "Well, you get the gist. Gotta go now, bye! Sorry!"

He faintly heard the _beep-beep-beep _as he stood there like a statue and slowly lowered the phone.

Well, shit.

He stood there for a while before he slowly opened the door and snuck back into class to find Grantaire's eyes on him yet again. This time, however, they were filled with guilt. In his state of mind, he had trouble connecting the eyes to the line for the sink and the paint on the carpet. The bell rang for lunch, and twenty-seven paint-covered first-graders ran out the door.

"Wait, guys! You have to clean- Never mind." Grantaire sighed, and started going around the tables to pick up the messy brushes. "So, Courf, someone give you a booty call?"

Courfeyrac raised his eyebrows. "What do you think?" He grabbed the thermos by his desk and took a sip of coffee.

"Ooh, I bet it was Ferre! So, he give you booty calls a lot? What haven't you been telling me?"

Courfeyrac spat out his coffee. "WHAT! NO! Shut up." He blushed. "No, it was Joly. He canceled for tomorrow."

Grantaire winced. "Oh, shit, man. That sucks. Can you get anyone else?"

"No, I promised the kids that they'd get to talk to a doctor tomorrow." Courf looked hopefully at Grantaire. "Any ideas?"

Grantaire stopped in the middle of drying a paint brush, set it down, and turned to Courf. "Well, gee Courf, I wish that another one of our good friends was a doctor. Oh wait-HE IS!"

Courf set his jaw and valiantly hoped that Grantaire couldn't see anything. "No, R, he's busy. He has other things to do." He (hopefully) nonchalantly picked up his coffee and took a drink.

"Yeah, like you." Well, dammit. He should really learn not to drink anything besides liquor near Grantaire. "But you two won't goddamn _get it on_ because you're too afraid that the other one doesn't like you."

Courf blushed, again-_fuck._ "Okay, okay, whatever. I'll call him tonight."

"You better. Well, gotta go." Grantaire finished packing up the paintbrushes and picks up his bag. "Call me after you get in Ferre's pants. Oh, and have fun with the littles."

Courfeyrac waved as Grantaire left, then pulled his sandwich out of his bag and tried to figure out how to talk to Combeferre. By the time the kids got back to class, he had a pretty decent idea of how not to act like a dying whale.

"Hey, guys! Did you like Mr. Grantaire?" There was a chorus of "Yeah!" around the room. "Great! Now, let's keep reading _Charlotte's

Webâ€|_"

Courfeyrac closed the door to his apartment and leaned against it, breathing a sigh of relief. Straightening up, he pulled out his phone, wanting to text Grantaire. But when he slid his finger across the screen, he was confronted by the name "Ferre:)").

Courf was a smart person, he really was. But those seven characters on his screen scared him like no other. Yeah, he had promised the kids a doctor, but what kid really remembers things like that anyway? Ferre was good with kids, and kind, and very smart, and basically even more qualified than Joly had been. Thinking back on it, he had probably hurt Ferre's feelings when he didn't let him help. And that made him feel bad, but

"Hello?" Came the voice from the scratchy speaker of Courf's iPhone, a voice that he knew too well. He froze for a moment, his finger still on the screen where he had accidentally tapped it, then he brought the phone to his ear and forced himself to sound casual.

"Hey, Ferre! What's up?"

"Well, considering you were the one who called me, not too much," Combeferre said dryly. "What do you need?"

Courf swallowed, making an impulsive decision. "Will you present for my class tomorrow?" He said hurriedly. "Joly canceled, and I promised the kids they could talk to a doctor tomorrow."

Over the line, he could hear the sound of papers rustling. "Well, let's see. It'd probably take about an hour and a half to put together a presentation, so if I can do that before- when does your school start again?"

>"7:45," Courf responded.<p>

"Okay, that should work out. I'd have to stay up kind of late, but if it's for you, Courf, it's already done. See you in school tomorrow!"

>"Okay, see you-" Combeferre hung up on the other end. "Tomorrow," Courf said to himself. Opening his messages, he texted Grantaire.<p>

courfaaaaayyyyyrac: omg i just called him and he said he'd do it for me

alright_r: nice

courfaaaaayyyyyrac: no you dont understand he said he would do it FOR ME

courfaaaaayyyyyrac: like not for anyone else

alright_r: DUDE

alright_r: you're gonna score

courfaaaaayyyyyrac: shut up lol

alright_r: **so are you going to ask him out or

what**

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: idk

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: i dont want it to be awkward

alright_r: it wont be

alright_r: he likes you

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: yeah right

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: like enjolras likes you

alright_r: this is about your problems not mine

**courfaaaaayyyyrrac: but he LIKES YOU R **

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: like "like likes"

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: like 3 3 3

alright_r: whatever

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: he does

alright_r: ok so if he does

alright_r: for whatever reason

alright_r: and we get together

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH

alright_r: shut up

alright_r: but if we get together

alright_r: you gotta be a man and ask your friend ferre out ok

alright_r: if i can do the impossible then you can too

courfaaaaayyyyrrac: suuuuuure

alright_r: good talk

Courf, having sat down on the couch at some point during this conversation, threw his phone to the side of him. He picked up the remote and turned on the television. The blueish light from the television cast strange shadows on the walls, but he didn't care. He leaned forwards, putting his face in his hands and thought to himself, a bit late,

What did I just agree to?

Courfeyrac walked into school the next day with his hair combed and his tie on right, for once. He was also, unfortunately, shaking like

a leaf. When he got down to the classroom, he unlocked it, and sat down in his chair waiting for the students to come in. About five minutes later, he decided fuck sitting and started pacing instead. Fortunately for the floor, after a while the students started coming in. Unfortunately for Courf, Ferre showed up too.

"Courf!"

Courfeyrac heard a whisper-shout from the doorway. He turned around, dreading it the whole time. Because of course, how could he resist looking at his best friend, the one heâ€¦ loved? He shook away the thought, and smiled at Combeferre (who looked absolutely drop-dead in a button-down, by the way). Ferre made his way through the kids and held out his hand. Courf awkwardly reached out and shook it, starting to laugh as he let go. Ferre caught on, and started to laugh as well. The two men hugged, tension not yet broken, but definitely cracked. It was Combeferre who let go first. He grabbed Courf by the shoulders and looked him up and down. "Oh my goodness, you've grown so much!" he said in a falsetto. Courf smirked and, in a slight movement that was just enough, shook off Ferre's hands. Ferre's face fell, just a bit, and Courf immediately jumped in.

>"You know, I'm really so grateful that you could come. You're amazing, you know that?" It was just a bit of praise, just enough to get Ferre smiling again. "You haven't seen me in forever, but you still drop everything to help someone."<p>

"Yeah, really. We should have talked more. How long has it been, a month? Two? Ever since that night out..." Combeferre said offhandedly. But of course, of course it would be Courf's luck that brought back that night.

Courf whooped, taking a swig of beer and watching a very drunk Bossuet twerk on the dance floor. He knew the pounding lights would give him a headache eventually, but right now he couldn't really be bothered to care. He just sort of stood there, cheering and hollering, until someone grabbed at his elbow.

>"Hey," said Combeferre, slowly and careful, as if to make sure he didn't make any mistakes. "Will you dance with me?"<p>

Courf smiled somewhat drunkenly. "Sure!"

>They made their way onto the dance floor, arms around each other, and started to dance. It was awful.
Courf was having a blast.

The music gradually got slower, until they went from dancing alone to dancing in pairs. Ferre had his hand on Courf's waist, Courf had his hand on Ferre's shoulder, and they were jokingly waltzing, swaying slowly back and forth.

"So this has been fun, huh," said Ferre suddenly, surprising Courf.

"Yeah," he replied, looking into Ferre's eyes. They were only a few inches away from his. Oh, wow, Ferre's whole face was awfully close to his, wasn't it? But that's okay. At least he isn't in love with him or something, right? That would make being so near his perfect chin and being wrapped in his strong arms awkward. He was glad he wasn't in love with Ferre. Then he wouldn't be able to do this again. He wanted to do this again. He wanted to do nothing but this, for the rest of his life.

He was in love with Ferre.

Courf blushed red so fiercely, he was shocked that Ferre couldn't see it, even in the dim lighting of the bar. He panicked for a moment- just a moment- then collapsed into Ferre's chest.

"Shit," he whispered into the body in front of him.

"What was that?" Ferre asked.

Courf was sure that Ferre could feel his face burning into his partner's chest. "Oh, nothing."

And the world set itself back on course, and the rest of the night went as planned. But Courf left early, something he had never done before. He was 'sick' for a few days before he finally told Grantaire what had happened. They grew closer, because he couldn't bring himself to talk to Ferre anymore. He didn't want to ruin their friendship. So they texted every once in a while, but Courf never really...had anything to say that Ferre didn't know already or that he couldn't possibly tell him.

And in the end, he just smiled his way through it, like he always did.

Courf shook off his internal monologue as Ferre started to talk about what he would present. There was a big smile on his face as he talked about the flu and glasses, stomach and femur.

A few minutes later, the bell rang and Courf jumped out of his seat and hurriedly broke his dreamy look at Ferre.

"Oops, sorry, gotta- teach the kids and stuff-" He walked quickly towards the front of the classroom, the aforementioned kids giggling the whole time.

"So, guys, today we're going to work on money, okay?" There was a little pause where some of the kids nodded and Courf smiled. "We'll start with the dollar billâ€¦" He fell back into his element, pulling the money out of his pocket and laughing with the kids when he inevitably dropped them. Once they had finished the unit, he collected his money and announced, "Okay, guys, Mr. Combeferre is going to be presenting to the class today. He's a doctor!"

Courf walked towards the back of the classroom as Ferre walked forwards. Courf smiled at Ferre, and was pleasantly surprised when Ferre smiled back.

"Hi, guys. My name is Mr. Combeferre. I'm technically Dr. Combeferre, but you can still call me a mister if you want." The kids laughed at that, and Courf breathed a silent sigh of relief. The presentation continued smoothly-

For about five minutes.

Just then, Courf's phone chimed, and literally every head in the room turned to him, Ferre included. "Sorry, guys! Mr. Combeferre, keep going. Don't mind me." The heads swiveled back towards Ferre, and Courf frowned.

I thought I told people not to text me during school hours.

He checked his phone and saw 'Grantaire sent you a Snap!'. He swiped across his phone and opened the Snap.

The very first thing he registered was a messy-haired Grantaire with a pillow under his head. But his hair was...messier than normal? Like someone had been...raking their fingers through it?

And Courf's eyes bugged out of his head.

Because there, lying on the sheets next to Grantaire, was a familiar blonde head, smiling sleepily at the camera with his hair similarly raked up. And from what he could tell...neither of them have their shirts on?

The last thing he saw before he turned off his phone completely and shoved it in a drawer was the caption.

"Ride that ass like it's the Ark in the flood -R"

And hand-written next to it was the phrase "Enjolras says good luck."

Courfeyrac couldn't focus. Not on grading, not on teaching, not on Combeferre. _Especially_ not on Ferre. He just kept thinking about the picture, and how now, because he made a stupid dare, he had to ask his best friend out. Ferre, whose handwriting was gorgeous as he wrote on the board. Ferre, whose smile was brighter than any light in the classroom. Ferre, who he didn't have a chance with.

His head snapped up as Ferre said, "Okay, now it's question time. Mr. Courfeyrac, you, um, might need to help me out." Courf nodded and walked over to stand next to his friend. He felt awkward and stiff as he stood there like he was on display. As Combeferre called on the first hand up, a little girl named Lea, Courf started to relax. He can talk to him later, and they can just laugh it off. It'll be fine. The questions kept coming, and everything was going smoothly. Until suddenly, the quietest girl in the class, an absolutely tiny kid named Margot, raised her hand.

"Mister Comb-my-hair, is Mister Coffee-rack your boyfriend?"

The five-year old smiled with questioning eyes as the two men started to stutter.

"NO- I mean, Margot-"

"No, we're not-"

"He's not my-"

"We're not-"

"Not-"

Courf's feet suddenly became incredibly fascinating to him. He scuffed his shoes against the floor as a kid from the back piped up. _Dammit, Adrien._

"But you guys always stare at each other when you think that you can't see each other! It's like when I look at Marina when she doesn't know I'm looking!"

A pigtailed girl next to him looked at him and smiled before telling the teacher matter-of-factly, "Yeah! It's like you're love bugs."

From Emilie near the door, "Did you know that love bugs make love?"

"No way!"

"Way! "

At this point, Courf was about to melt into the floor, and Ferre looked like he was choking. He managed to stutter out, "NO! Courf is not my boyfriend!"

A certain redhead in the back got up, and Courf cursed. _Julian the smartass._ "Well, if you're not dating, then why do you have nicknames for each other? My mom and dad are the only people that I know who do that." He smirked, satisfied, and high-fived the kid next to him.

Courf spoke first this time. "Just because we have nicknames for each other doesn't mean that we're- you know-" He blushed before continuing. "And I think that we need to get back to our presentation. Mr. Combeferre, would you continue?" Ferre flashed Courf a look of relief, and continued with the presentation.

"So, does anyone have any more questions? Yes, you, next to the window, with the rain jacket!"

The rest of the day went on rather smoothly, and at the end of the day the kids were lining up to get on the bus as Courfeyrac made sure everyone had everything they needed. Ferre was long gone, having left at lunch. The bus riders went out the door, leaving just a few kids in the room with him. He was cleaning up the room and getting ready to walk them down when someone came up to him. A little hand tugged on his shirt, and he turned around to see Margot, somehow even tinier standing up.

"Are you really not dating Mister Comb-my-hair, Mister Coffee-rack?" she asked.

"No, I'm really not. I'm sorry." He added as her face fell. When she looked back up, she was scowling. "Well, you should be, 'cause he looks at you like you look at him, ya know." She said as she turned around and marched away.

Courf thought for a moment, then shook the thought away and took the first girl in the car rider's line by the hand. "Come on, let's go see your mommy and daddy."

Courf got out of the elevator. He immediately turned around and went back inside. This happened several more times before he finally plucked up the courage to run up and knock. Once he did that, there was no turning back, and he cursed himself about a million times

before Combeferre opened the door in sweatpants and a backwards t-shirt.

Oh shit, he probably didn't have a shirt on before he opened the door.

While Courf's mind was going places involving a shirtless Ferre, the man himself was talking. "Oh, hi Courf. What are you doing here?"

Courf managed to get his mind out of the gutter long enough to respond. "I wanted to give you this." He held out the casserole that he had made. "As thanks for dropping everything to teach today."

"Like I said, anything for you, Courf. Wait-" Ferre took the casserole and brought it closer to his face. "I don't have my glasses on but- are those- Doritos?"

"Well, you see, it was very highly rated on-" Courf was cut off by Ferre's laughter, a wheezy-sort of sound that somehow made you feel like you were on top of the world. He loved that laughter. He should probably go before that laughter does something to him that he _really really really _ does not want it to do.

"Well, why don't you come in? We can see if it's as good as it looks." Ferre smiled innocently.

Courf saw his life flashing before his eyes, but he responded "Sure! Sounds great!" and went inside, because what else are you supposed to do when your crush asks you to eat dinner with him and you're supposed to ask him out.

He had nearly forgotten about that part.

Courfeyrac sat down, feeling awkward, as Ferre cut pieces of the casserole. He took two plates over to where Courf sat and took the seat across from him. There was a moment of silence as they ate, then Courfeyrac asked, "How was your day?"

Ferre blinked for a second, then smiled. "Not too bad, actually. Nothing big happened, so I basically had the day off. Thanks for that, by the way."

>"You're welcome," Courf replied, now smiling himself as he chewed.<p>

"You know, I'm honestly shocked at how good this casserole is."

Courf's eyes widened. "You actually like it?"

Combeferre looked him directly in the eyes. "No, Courf, I'm just trying to boost your ego. It's awesome, are you kidding me?"

Courf finished his last bite and put down his fork. "Thanks, it means a lot, coming from you." He instantly regretted his words, but Ferre didn't seem to mind. Across the table, he pushed away his plate and asked, "Do you want to watch a movie or something?"

>Courf got up. Netflix and chill Netfilx and chill Netflix and chill "Yeah, that sounds great."

They sat down and Ferre turned on the TV. "I heard there was this really cool documentary about sea life on here."

Courf groaned. "Only you would want to watch a movie about sea life."

"Is that a yes?"

"Yes."

Ferre turned off the lights and pressed play. "In the ocean, these fish love to spend their days playing. But what happens whenâ€¦"

About ten minutes in, Ferre speaks up. "So, how was your day?"

"Not too exciting," Courf responded. He blushed. "There was one girl who got really sad when I told her we really weren't dating."

>"Oh."<p>

Courf turned to look at Ferre, the blue light rippling across his face as he stared at the screen. He seemed deep in thought.

"It's not a big deal, you know. I just don't know why they think that we're together-"

"Do you love me, Courf?"

The question came out of nowhere and everywhere- the constant glancing, the kids, the way that Courf would do anything if Ferre asked him to.

"Do you love me?"

Ferre turned to look at Courf. He felt like he had just fallen off of a building.

"Don't ask me that," he croaked, throat dry. "Don't ask me things that I can't answer."

Ferre's eyes seemed to soften. He lunged, just a bit, and Courf fell forwards, just enough.

They met in the middle, lips pressed against the other's.

Ferre's lips tasted like Doritos, and they were chapped, just like Courf knew they would be. He didn't know, however, that they would take over, that they would push against his like the sun wouldn't rise tomorrow and like the world was theirs to own. Against them, Courf fell flat on the couch, Ferre on top of him. Ferre pulled away and stared down at Courf, now beneath him and panting heavily.

>Courf raised his eyebrow and pretended he didn't want to jump up and down with happiness. "Well, it seems that you enjoyed that." Ferre giggled-giggled!- and smiled dopily. "I just have one request." Ferre cocked his head to the side.

"Shirts off, at least. Please."

A scream split the quiet of the apartment. Courf cracked open his eyes to see Enjolras in the entrance to the living room, his eyes covered by no one else but Grantaire.

"OH MY GOD! PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!"

On top of him, Ferre groaned and lifted his head to stare at Courf. "Did you know that Enjolras and Grantaire are together? Because I didn't." His head dropped and he promptly fell back to sleep.

Courf locked eyes with Grantaire, just for a second, just long enough to see R's eyes widen as he saw the actual extent of their nakedness. Then he fell back to sleep, Ferre's comfortable weight on top of him.

As Margot walked into the classroom the next day, Courf pulled her aside.

"Hey. Shhh, don't tell anyone, but I'll tell you a secret." She nodded her head, eyes wide.

"I am dating Mr. Combeferre." A huge grin crossed her face.

"I knew it!" She squealed. "I knew it, I knew it, I knew it!"

"Yup," Courf laughed.

Thanks, kiddo.

End
file.